t. Charles Seminary Library
Carthagena, Ohio

NOV 1 4 '59

THE PLAY'S THE THING

—J. L. Benvenisti

THE Commonweal

In the Name of the Law

Police Detention and the Citizen

by John E. Nolan, Jr.

A Vote for Organization

Role of the Manager

by J. N. Moody

JOYCE IN MORSE CODE . . . . . *by Kevin Sullivan*
MORE OF MARIANNE MOORE . . . . . *by Janet Fiscalini*
POLLYANNA TRIUMPHANT . . . . . *by Max Cosman*
THE IRISH WRITERS . . . . . *by Charles Monaghan*

olume LXXI, No. 8 November 20, 1959 Twenty-Five Cents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Commonweal for Christmas!

It is the range and variety of its many articles, poems, columns, letters, editorials and reviews that make The Commonweal such an interesting Christmas present. Features from week to week reflect the manifold interests of the magazine's various authors. Readers who received a gift subscription last Christmas, for example, have been enjoying such typical articles as:

The Expansion of Christianity .....Christopher Dawson
The Meaning of Racism .....George H. Dunne
A Catholic for President .....John Cogley
Teilhard de Chardin .....Dorothy Poulain
Cost of Health .....Edward T. Chase
Science and the Church .....Charles M. Herzfeld
The Culture Critics .....Walker Percy
Juvenile Delinquency .....Gordon C. Zahn
The Death Penalty .....Robert Hovda
Salazar and the Church .....Francis E. McMahon
Obedience and Scholarship .....Justus George Lawler
The People of India .....Bede Griffiths
Passing of the Worker Priests .....Robert Barrat
The Test of Africa .....James T. Harris, Jr.
Education for the Dialogue .....Sister Joan Bland

Because the authors who will publish in the magazine during the coming year have such varied and pertinent interests, you may be assured that The Commonweal will be warmly welcomed as a Christmas gift for its focus on newsworthy happenings, current books and ideas—as well as for its literary quality. Week after week a gift subscription will provide good reading in abundance.

For this Anniversary Christmas special savings are available on multiple subscriptions: the rate is down to $6 a year for three or more subscriptions, and your own renewal may be included at these Christmas rates. (Otherwise $8 for one subscription and $7.50 each for two; but two dollars a year extra for all foreign gift subscriptions).

---------- CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM ----------

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MU. 3-9685

Enclosed is $..... Send The Commonweal for one year to:

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY, ZONE, STATE _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY, ZONE, STATE _____

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY, ZONE, STATE _____

MY NAME IS _____
CITY _____

☐ Mail Gift Cards at Christmas time OR ☐ Send the Gift Cards to me.

11-20-59

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE WILL TO PEACE

TO THE VARIOUS people who will see him on his twenty-thousand-mile journey, President Eisenhower will appear under different guises. He continues to enjoy vast prestige as the savior of Europe in World War II; among our old comrades at arms, as he was last summer in London and Paris, he can expect an ovation. (In Berlin, too, Mr. Eisenhower aroused much enthusiasm as the leader of the defense forces of the West.) The President's prestige will also sustain him in his brief stop-offs at other European capitals, despite a growing feeling that too many NATO decisions are being taken at the top. In Europe his task will be to strengthen ties that already exist and attempt in a few hours to allay the lesser powers' discontent. For discussions of this sort Mr. Eisenhower has considerable talent.

The Eisenhower visit comes at a propitious moment for Asia and the Middle East. Along with Turkey, Iran and Afghanistan have been under heavy Soviet pressure in recent months; an assurance of greater American interest and support will be welcome. To Pakistan's political and economic difficulties have now been added Chinese Communist incursions from the north—so that this dramatic evidence of American concern should be most heartening in Karachi.

Mr. Eisenhower's four-day visit to India is to be the climax of his journey to the East. The prospect for good relations with New Delhi is better than at any time since the war, thanks not only to the depredations of the Chinese Communists, but also because of the increasing tempo of American aid and our understanding for India's stance of non-alignment. Mr. Nehru continues at odds with Pakistan over Kashmir and refuses to ask foreign help against Chinese aggression, but his attitude toward the United States is more friendly. That Mr. Eisenhower will officiate at the opening of an impressive American agricultural exhibit while he is in India is a token of this greater cooperation and cordiality.

ON ALL THESE visits and during the four days of Paris Big Four meetings, the President will enjoy an immense personal prestige deriving partly from the extent of his support back home. His consistent opposition to tyranny and dedication to the cause of a just and lasting peace are recognized. His "Atoms for Peace" proposal a few years back aroused men's hopes, while his too little noticed speech at Abilene, this fall, expressed a new awareness of the key importance of closing the gap between the living standards of the world's poor and well-to-do nations.

President Eisenhower will be visiting Mr. Nehru, Pope John XXIII, the King of Morocco, and the other dignitaries who will welcome him, as a man of peace. His obvious sincerity, unpretentiousness, friendliness and personal charm fit him well for such a role. And the long journey itself constitutes convincing testimony of his often-expressed willingness to go to the ends of the earth in the cause of peace.

It is well that the President has these advantages in view of all that he will be trying to accomplish. It will take more than his dramatic visit to reach any degree of understanding with the peoples of Asia and the Middle East. His other main objective—achieving agreement among the Big Four on the date and scope of the summit meeting with Mr. Khrushchev—also presents its difficulties.

The President sets out on his truly historic mission aware of the widespread support of the electorate. He will even be quite conscious that whatever he accomplishes will greatly enhance the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republicans' chances for 1960. And he will undoubtedly realize how much depends on how his successor carries out the agreement reached.

How far are the American people prepared to follow their President if his journey should convince him of the urgency of the plight of the potential friends of democracy in the Afro-Asian world? India, for example, has a vital need of new foreign capital of a billion dollars a year for the next five or six years. And India's Minister of Agriculture has asked this country to promise a sixty per cent larger assignment of surplus grains year by year over a similar period. India, "the hope of democracy in Asia," has needs that are that great.

Will Mr. Eisenhower succeed in persuading our relatively prosperous European allies that they must contribute a commensurate share in such aid to India and other less developed nations? Will Americans and their allies support steps and expenditures for the common defense and yet still keep up continued negotiations for controlled disarmament? Even where it is most effective Mr. Eisenhower's visit can but arouse momentary feelings of solidarity among the peoples of the free world. Unity and strength will come about only through a firm commitment to well conceived, constructive goals which are yet to be formulated by the leaders of the West.

BACK TO WORK

AFTER THE Supreme Court upheld the injunction ordering the striking steel workers back to the mills, former Congressman Fred A. Hartley, Jr. told the press that the Court's action had taken the union "off the hook," and that he himself was "indeed pleased" with the decision. Mr. Hartley is the Hartley of Taft-Hartley fame, and it is not surprising that he should exhibit a certain bias in favor of his brain-child. But at this point it is obvious that Mr. Hartley's high estimate of the Taft-Hartley injunction procedure is not widely shared.

On the credit side, it is true enough that the nation will have an eighty-day respite from the strike, and that the strikers and their families now have the prospect of Christmas paychecks. But a forced return to work is not likely to lead to a settlement of the basic issues in the steel strike, nor is it likely to improve the climate of industrial relations in steel or anywhere else, since most of the workers interviewed on the subject are convinced that the injunction process favors the com-

THIS WEEK

Week by Week 227

In the Name of the Law
by John E. Nolan, Jr. 231

The Quiz Show Uproar
by John Cogley 234

A Vote for Organization
by J. N. Moody 235

The Play's the Thing
by J. L. Benvenisti 237

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 239

The Stage
by Richard Hayes 240

Company Town
by Philip Burnham 241

Books 242

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly during July and August, at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

Copyright © 1959 The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

U. S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢
Printed at the Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

panies and is essentially unfair to labor. And at the same time management representatives now seem less convinced of the value of the injunction than they once were. Getting the steel mills back into production is a slow and expensive business, and if they are to be shut down again shortly after, there seems little point in it. Management representatives have not appeared in public wearing mourning bands, as union men have done, but there is no doubt they are much less happy with the injunction than they once expected to be.

In Congress too the rumblings of discontent are growing louder. Individual Representatives and Senators differ in whether they blame labor or management or both in this particular instance, but on each side of the aisle the conviction that Congress must "do something" is clearly becoming stronger. Miracles do happen, of course, and it is always possible that a settlement will take place in the next eighty days or that in the mandatory election sixty days from now the workers may vote to accept industry's "last offer." But the prospects for such a conclusion are not bright, and much as Congressmen hate to tackle labor legislation in an election year, they may be forced into it. And that prospect too is not a very happy one, for legislation passed in emergency situations is very likely to be bad legislation.

The shortcomings in the emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley law are obvious enough now. The goal of remedial labor legislation, then, could be to provide workable procedures for nation-wide strikes in basic industries like steel without at the same time repudiating traditional American freedoms. This will obviously take some doing (witness Harry Truman's abortive proposal that railway strikers be drafted), and there are already a dismaying number ready to believe that problems of industrial relations can be settled by a simple Congressional *fiat*—a notion that is, of course, pure illusion.

Happily, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, at least, seems conscious of the dangers in the present situation. If the steel dispute is not settled by the time the Taft-Hartley injunction expires, he has announced, President Eisenhower will send Congress recommendations for ending the steel strike. Mr. Mitchell gave no clue as to what form these proposals might take, but the fact that he used the occasion to warn against "national hysteria" is a good sign. The nation needs better labor legislation; what we must avoid is legislation which "solves" the steel strike while creating far more serious problems for the future.

TURNING THE WRONG KNOB

THE QUIZ SHOW phenomenon has been marked by hysteria in all its phases—in the original wild popularity of these shows, in the public's sense of anguish when the rigging was exposed, and now in the angry clamor that "something be done" about television's "dishonesty."

Something should be done, of course, but the nature of the response to the T.V. scandals indicates a relentlessly mistaken idea both of what is wrong and what should be done about it. The deepest and most widespread concern seems to be about T.V.'s "deceptions"—rehearsed quiz programs, non-spontaneous interviews, the use of "canned laughter" on sound tracks, and similar problems of the utmost triviality.

In some cases, it is true, those who would prescribe for these footling ills of the television industry do go on to more serious abuses of the public airwaves, like the broadcasting of fraudulent advertising or the whole sponsor-programmer-broadcaster relationship. But usually these problems are presented as being in the same order as the "fixed" quiz and calling for the same kind of correction. What is most regrettable is that the ensuing confusion is likely to produce extreme and inappropriate regulatory action—or, equally likely, no regulatory action at all.

The television networks speak fearfully of the dangers to free communication in government censorship of their broadcasts, and they propose to make such censorship unnecessary by means of self-regulation. But their self-policing, so far as we can see, fastens almost exclusively on such frivolous areas as the "integrity" of quiz shows. At best, they speak of vigilance against fraudulent advertising, which is commendable, if late, but still not focused on the real problem.

The fundamental problem is, of course, that of programming. The networks have turned over the airwaves to the advertisers, who are able to control the content and format of the programs on which they are nominally merely advertisers. Sponsors are, with rare exceptions, uninterested in public culture, information or even entertainment; all they want is maximum advertising exposure. To that end, together with the advertising agencies, packagers and network officials, and using the not-to-be-resisted rating systems, they have pushed T.V. programming ever downward, ever closer to the lowest common denominator.

The betrayal of responsibility by the networks, licensed as they are to make use of the public air-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waves, is the ultimate reason for T.V.'s present low estate. It is this situation which should be spotlighted, this situation which calls for public outrage and legislative study.

Superficialities like canned laughter and prepared interviews are hardly worth the elaborate police machinery which has been suggested. Fraudulent advertising was illegal long before the quiz show scandals, and the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission have ample power to deal with it. Up to now these agencies have been timid and complaisant before the billion-dollar corporations whose practices they are supposed to oversee.

Some critics of the television industry have been too quick to put the medium under stringent government control. And those answering them have been at once too quick to raise the menacing image of Big Brother censorship and too quick to conclude that freedom of speech requires the continuance of the status quo. To our mind, no surrender of free speech is required, and no establishment of a government czar.

For a start, the purposes of the F.C.C. and the F.T.C. might be reviewed and steps taken to implement the minimal regulations which have been, up to now, serenely ignored. Then Congress might turn its investigative attention away from such as Charles Van Doren to the network officials who have so abused the privilege of public broadcasting. There are innumerable levels of regulatory control between the two extremes of untouchability and rigid censorship, and innumerable plans to be framed and tested. But as a start, let's have the spotlight where it belongs.

THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION

IF HE HAD written nothing else Sydney Smith would be familiar to Americans as the man who asked: "In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue?" It is well over a hundred years since he posed the question, and the answer it receives today is quite different from that which he himself would have given.

The London *Times,* for instance, in its special number of November 6, advised readers who doubted the debt of modern English writers to Americans to examine recent books carefully. "They will find that a surprising amount of contemporary writing in all languages springs directly from contact with the work of American writers during the last thirty years. What is true of writing is, to a lesser extent, true of other arts." It further stated that "it is true to say that the flowering of the American imagination has been the chief event in the sphere of living art since the end of the First World War."

The special issue, then, is an attempt to identify and to assess the particular qualities of "the American imagination" as these are manifested in the arts—in literature, music, dance, the theater—in education, religion, politics, and advertising. It is not often that we can see ourselves as others see us and the serious, intelligent attention here directed to various aspects of American life and culture is valuable and welcomed.

What then does the English critic make of "the American Imagination"? The answer depends, to some extent, upon who the particular critic is. Yet there is a very real kinship in the judgments that are passed, as the conclusions of three separate articles make clear.

"And that [American] imagination has its deficiencies without doubt. It is sometimes grotesque, often naive. But it is never pale, never passive. It has the vigor, the variety, and the creativity to justify anyone's attention."

"It is perhaps a paradox that it is at the farthest point west that we find an American poet [Yvor Winters] whose work seems in some senses most English. But this modern American poetry is full of paradoxes: that is partly its excitement."

"The best in the imaginative style of historical writing is being done in America today. So is the worst. They rub along side by side, often on the same shelves, without even threatening each other's popularity. It is, after all, a pluralistic society."

Here, then, are the familiar terms and not wholly unfamiliar judgments. But the articles from which these quotations are taken show a growing awareness that the American writer is increasingly independent. He is content to draw upon the traditions of his own country, frequently insisting that even these are an obstacle rather than a help in his struggle to accomplish what is original and valuable.

The evaluations of particular authors, and of the American tradition, coincide generally with those of American critics. But there is a distinct difference in tone and emphasis which should be instructive to American readers. This special issue of the London *Times,* which provides a contemporary reply to Sydney Smith, is a welcome addition to the examination of the American imagination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Name of the Law

If the police are to respect both the letter and the spirit of the law, the public must do so first

by JOHN E. NOLAN, JR.

A FEW YEARS ago the Chicago police arrested by mistake a distinguished judge who was walking his dog through a park shortly after a little girl had been molested there by another dog walker. The judge was pushed, knocked down and taken to an abandoned police station and grilled before being released. One of his colleagues on the bench noted that the same thing could have happened to anyone, and the judge himself wondered what might have happened if he had been an ordinary citizen.

Some idea of how the ordinary citizens do fare can be gained from a study of secret police detention in Chicago recently published by the Illinois Division of the American Civil Liberties Union. So far as I have been able to discover, this A.C.L.U. report is the first attempt to examine the conduct of police arrests and detention in any large sample of cases. But more than that, it represents one of the initial steps toward solution of an important problem about which the public has been both uninformed and apathetic.

As a nation, we are presumably sophisticated and morally sensitive enough to recognize that there is no inherent value in racking up an arrest, a confession and a conviction for every crime without regard to the police methods used. We have traditionally cherished the rights of the individual and recognized that the price of police "efficiency" can be intolerably high.

We have provided careful safeguards for arrest and for the treatment of arrested persons. Police may arrest a suspect only on "probable cause" to believe that he committed a crime. Federal law provides that the person arrested shall be taken before a commissioner or a judge for a preliminary hearing "without unnecessary delay," and the laws of most states contain similar provisions.

These provisions for a *prompt* preliminary hearing, or arraignment as it is frequently called, are the very essence of the protection that the law affords to the rights of persons arrested. If you are ever arrested, it is at arraignment that you will be told—probably for the first time—of the charge against you, of your right to counsel and to remain silent and of the fact that any statement you make may be held against you. It is on the basis of the hearing at arraignment that the magistrate, independent of the police, decides whether you will be released immediately or held for further action regarding a specific charge.

Arraignment marks the end of the almost absolute control of the police over you, and the requirement that it be held promptly is the best method yet devised to insure proper police action. In considering the importance of prompt arraignment, it may help to recall that we are only a little over a century removed from legally recognized torture as a standard method of investigating crime and about thirty years past the time when the Wickersham Commission reported to President Hoover that police methods in Chicago included "the application of rubber hose to the back or the pit of the stomach, kicks in the shins, beating the shins with a club, [and] blows struck with a telephone book on the side of the victim's head."

Although sporadic instances of this type of treatment still come to light, the problem of physical coercion of suspects has been reduced to manageable proportions. Most police now recognize that the third degree is as stupid and unnecessary as it is inhumane. Public opinion is outraged when torture or physical beatings are disclosed and courts have emphatically and uniformly rejected evidence obtained by these methods.

NEITHER COURTS nor the public have reacted with the same force, however, when suspects have been held by the police in illegal detention before arraignment. And yet we have come to realize that an interrogator can get just about any kind of story he wants if he is given enough time. The pressures built

Mr. Nolan, who has previously contributed to The Commonweal, is a Washington attorney and a former Supreme Court law clerk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up during prolonged interrogation can be as effective as the rack or the screw—and the results as unreliable.

If we stop to think about it we probably realize that a serious violation of individual rights is involved in the case of any person held illegally in a police station. Even if he never confesses, even if he is never tried, his constitutional rights to *habeas corpus,* to bail and to the assistance of counsel are effectively nullified by police action during every hour that he is held incommunicado and under arrest.

With these facts in mind the A.C.L.U. study is particularly disturbing because it indicates that, from the sample tabulated, one person out of every four arrested by the Chicago police during 1956 was held for a period in excess of seventeen hours before even being booked. One in seven was held for more than twenty-four hours and one in fourteen for more than thirty-six hours before being booked. A projection of these figures suggests that during 1956 there were over twenty thousand arrests in Chicago which involved secret detention by police for periods in excess of seventeen hours. Shocking as these figures are, there is every reason to believe that they represent an understatement of the actual situation.

If the Chicago statistics are representative—and there is no reason to think that other cities would have any better record than Chicago on this score—police detention is a problem of alarming proportions. Involved are disregard of the law by law enforcement officers themselves and abuse of the rights of individual citizens. If one accepts the view that police practice should be made to conform to the law rather than the law conform to the practice, the problem can be considered from two separate aspects.

THE first concerns the trial of a person who may have confessed or made admission or damaging statements to the police while he was being illegally held and interrogated. It is this part of the problem which has achieved great notoriety. Its outline is staked out in several Supreme Court cases, and it has recently provoked a spate of legislative proposals, hearings before three Congressional committees and reams of newspaper copy, much of it warning that if the law were strictly adhered to vicious criminals would be turned loose on the public.

Most of this controversy resulted from the *Mallory* case decided unanimously by the Supreme Court of the United States in June of 1957. Despite the reaction to it, this decision was not surprising even to a casual observer of the Court's work, because it followed closely the similar case of *McNabb v. United States* decided in 1943. In both cases the Court interpreted the requirement for arraignment without unnecessary delay to mean that statements or admissions elicited from a suspect by interrogation during an unnecessary delay before arraignment were inadmissible as evidence against him at his trial for a criminal offense. This means that statements obtained during illegal detention under circumstances where coercion may have been present are ruled out along with statements obtained by use of the blackjack. It is referred to as the McNabb-Mallory rule.

Public opposition to the *Mallory* decision was generated mostly by law enforcement groups which claimed that they could not live with it and a few newspapers acting as self-appointed guardians of the public interest in the face of "judicial irresponsibility." The case for the McNabb-Mallory rule has been presented by a number of responsible authorities. Without questioning the soundness of the rule, however, it is necessary to point out that it has only negligible significance in relation to the overall problem of illegal police detention posed by the A.C.L.U. report.

First, the McNabb-Mallory rule applies only in the Federal courts and not in the state courts. This means that, outside of the District of Columbia, it applies only in trials for the specific statutory Federal crimes, violations of the postal, tax, narcotics laws and the like. It generally has no application to any of the common law crimes of murder, rape, robbery, burglary, larceny, arson, etc., because everywhere outside of the District these crimes are, with rare exceptions, subject only to state jurisdiction. Although the states are free to adopt a similar rule if they choose, in the sixteen years since the *McNabb* decision none has. This means that the rule applies at the outset to only a negligible percentage of the total arrests made.

Secondly, even in the Federal courts, the rule has no application unless the arrested person is actually brought to trial. If he is released after questioning, released by the commissioner after arraignment, if he is not indicted, if the indictment is dismissed, if he pleads "guilty" or *"nolo contendere,"* or if he is not tried for any other reason, the rule affords him no protection no matter how prolonged or flagrantly illegal his detention may have been.

THE SECOND aspect of the over-all problem, although it has received scant attention, is of considerably greater importance. It is concerned with arrest and illegal detention in those cases to which the McNabb-Mallory rule does not apply. Quantitatively, this aspect would include the overwhelming majority of all cases of illegal detention including all of the cases tabulated in the A.C.L.U. report.

It is well illustrated by an actual example referred to several times in last year's hearings before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights. After a robbery in Washington, D.C., ninety persons were arrested by the police and taken in for interrogation, a typical "dragnet" arrest. If we assume that one of these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persons confesses and the other eighty-nine are released after all ninety have been subjected to the same illegal detention, we see that the McNabb-Mallory rule can possibly apply only in the case of the one who confessed. From the standpoint of proper police action and infringement of individual liberties, however, the same problem is presented as to each of the eighty-nine who are released.

There are many reasons why this aspect of the problem has not attracted much attention, but foremost among them is the fact that we have so little information about it. We may be dimly aware that in many instances police practices do not conform to the law, and we may realize that this leads to disrespect for the law and lowered standards of police efficiency, but there are no reliable statistics by which the extent of the problem can be measured.

The few figures which are available are often meaningless. For example, the Uniform Crime Report records a total of 70,511 arrests on suspicion in 1,477 cities during 1955, but the large number of detentions which are either not considered arrests or not recorded as such takes away almost all significance from this tabulation.

It is also true that cities distribute their arrest totals through a widely varying list of categories including "vagrancy," "disorderly conduct," "investigation," "held for investigation," "suspicion," "en route," "released—no formal charge," "no prosecution" and others. This frequently has made valid comparisons impossible. In some cities a very low conviction rate for such summary offenses as "loitering" and "disorderly conduct" gives rise to the inference that these labels are used to record arrests on suspicion or for investigation.

WITH SO many of the most important facts thus concealed in a confusion of varying records, it is significant that the A.C.L.U. report does represent an organized responsible attempt to collect and analyze some of the needed information. To the extent that they were able, the A.C.L.U. researchers measured the length of detention before a hearing, certainly one of the most important statistics involved. But the answers to a good many other questions are needed really to understand the problem.

We should, for example, know the number of persons arrested as well as the number of arrests. To the extent that the same persons are arrested two or three times, the total number of persons arrested is halved or decreased by two-thirds and a different approach may be suggested. We should know how many arrests are made on suspicion generally, rather than suspicion of having committed a particular crime, and we should know for what types of crimes the arrest on suspicion is commonly employed. Often a breakdown of arrests by area or section of the city or by racial group could yield much meaningful information. We should know how many mass or dragnet arrests or arrests for harassment are included in the total. Undoubtedly in the course of developing this information other areas of profitable inquiry would be suggested.

When the extent of the problem has been accurately pegged, it will be possible to consider specific solutions, but it is easy to see that any solution is bound to be more complicated than merely writing out a new code of police conduct and posting it on the station house wall. Any changes made will have to be grounded firmly on the informed will of the public at large. As the courts have repeatedly pointed out, they have no authority to control police methods. By and large these methods must reflect the public's regard for law and for individual liberties. If the public presses hard for arrests and convictions on the one hand and is tolerant of abuses of individual liberties on the other, it is unrealistic to suppose that the police will impose a higher standard on themselves. For this reason, holding the police to a respect for both the letter and the spirit of the law may mean that the public will itself must first be raised to that degree of respect.

One real difficulty, of course, is that many law-abiding citizens are not able to realize that the same law that protects the rights of the habitual criminal, the dope peddler and the rapist protects their rights too. It was Solon who is supposed to have said more than 2,500 years ago that justice could only be secured in Athens "if those who are not injured feel as indignant as those who are." Today many well-meaning people who would never contend that the end justifies the means do argue that if a "criminal" who is "obviously guilty" may "evade justice" because of some "legal technicality" it is permissible to disregard the law, or at least permissible for the police to do so. Others contend that a police roundup and mass arrests of juveniles are the answers to juvenile delinquency. It is frequently not until police accustomed to the loose standards of mass arrests and secret interrogation nab the wrong man that we realize that it is still the same law that is being disregarded.

The police in England and the Federal Bureau of Investigation in this country have long proved that proper concern for the law of arrest and detention can be combined with effective law enforcement. Although it may be difficult at first to understand why the police everywhere should be held to these standards, the question is of such fundamental importance that it cannot be disregarded. It involves the difference between a police force subject to the law and one that is above it. This, in other words, is the difference between a free nation and a police state.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIZ SHOW UPROAR

IN AN AGE when it often seems that the "fix" is standard operating procedure just about everywhere, the recent uproar over the quiz show scandals is downright refreshing. At times it may seem that the American people are no longer capable of righteous indignation about dishonesty, but every now and then something like these latest revelations erupts and people are genuinely aroused. It happened a few years ago when we learned that collegiate basketball was not as simon-pure as it pretended to be; again, there was a similar shock during the exposé of cheating at the Military Academy.

None of these three examples of crookedness truly was of world-shaking importance, yet news of them dominated the front pages for days. Why did we become so impassioned about the fact that basketball players could be bought off, West Point cadets could cheat during an exam, and television eggheads could play along with a Madison Avenue hoax? Such matters do not count for much in the larger world.

I think I know why we became so impassioned. I think that there still exists in our people, hard-bitten as we are, a feeling for justice, and this feeling was outraged when the corruption was exposed. Though the instances of corruption may have been comparatively trivial, there is nothing trivial about the abiding sense of justice I speak of. It is, in fact, the thing above everything else that makes democratic government possible.

The injustices of our time have been so vast that they often seemed almost too much for us to contemplate, or at least too overwhelming to contemplate with any sense of personal indignation. Tell us about a whole nation's losing its liberty or a million people forced to live on the verge of starvation, and we react of course. But such is the nature of our reaction that it might be called a "political," as opposed to a "moral," response. We have become so inured to massive injustices that indignation over them is often hopelessly blunted. We know we should do something, and usually we try, but the thing we set out to do is not undergirded by any sense of personal outrage. The sense of justice is not the spark to action it could be.

I do not believe that this lassitude is necessarily due to any demoralization peculiar to our times. Rather, it may be one of the problems of "bigness" that cut across so much of modern life.

Take, for instance, the housing of minority groups in the metropolitan areas. A walk through any slum in New York, Chicago, Boston or Philadelphia would be enough to demonstrate to the most doltish American that great numbers of our citizens, especially the innocent young, are not getting their share of the good life which this nation has to offer its citizens. For all they get out of the affluent American society of the nineteen fifties, the people condemned to these slums might just as well be living in Calcutta.

If the nation's sense of justice were aroused by this situation, really aroused, I suspect something would be done about it in short order. The whole nation could be enlisted in a concentrated effort to wipe out such misery, to provide decent housing for all Americans and to give the children now growing up in filth and ignorance a chance to develop as God intended them to develop. An all-out effort of the kind that produced miracles of production during the war might be made.

But without the people's sense of justice being inflamed, the housing problem has dragged on and on and on. While it was treated solemnly as a "political" problem of vast proportions, whole generations grew up and passed on to the adult hell for which their childhood experiences prepared them. The reason so little was done, one could argue, is that the indignation I speak of remained bottled up. The sense of justice residing in the people was never evoked. Perhaps it lay dormant because most people were personally far removed from the housing evils and its horrors never became real to them, or because the kind of leadership which could arouse the latent feeling for justice was missing, or—most likely—because the problem was so vast that no one ever knew quite where to begin to solve it. In any case, the people's passion for justice was not evoked.

In the wake of the T.V. scandals, my first inclination was to belittle the importance given them by the press: so much fuss about such small matters when there are such monstrous injustices crying out for attention. But when one thinks about it, there is reason to take some consolation in the fact that we have evidence here that the capacity for moral indignation still exists in the people, the feeling for justice is still there. And this feeling, if that is the word for it, is a mighty force indeed, capable of moving mountains when it is released, as the lords of Madison Avenue have learned during the last few weeks.

One would hope that one day it might be aroused by more significant and pervasive forms of injustice than television hoaxes and be employed for more important reforms than the chastening of network sharpies. But that will call for such leadership on the part of Congress, on the part of the press and the nation's opinion leaders as we have not had for a long time, and there are few signs that such leadership is forthcoming.

JOHN COGLEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The capacity to organize
is a sign of our national maturity

A Vote for Organization

J. N. MOODY

WHILE THE majority of Americans seem primarily concerned with payments on the car, projected rises in taxation, and bowling scores, some few lonely voices continue to be raised in proclamation of the crises we face, the terror which mocks us from the sky, the desperate need of our society to find anew the path to temporal salvation.

Most of these voices betray a common weakness: a sharp decline in strength as they proceed from the analysis of our problems to the program of action which will enable us to solve them. Like the typical Western, where the excitement of the chase levels off to the finale of the solitary hero riding toward the horizon, descriptions of the plight of man in our time move swiftly while weighing the existing crisis. Specifics shore up the argument and statistics abound. But when we have been sufficiently aroused, we are apt to be offered the most general formulas to guide us toward the future, such as a stronger U.N. or more public awareness of foreign affairs.

There is, it is true, wisdom in this restraint in prescription. It bespeaks a proper awareness that you cannot shoot the villain in social crises, a healthy suspicion that if, by some miracle, all outstanding problems could be "solved," the solutions would breed an equally absorbing crop of new problems. Nevertheless, past disappointments incline us to regard our analysts and prophets with more than a little caution and skepticism. We assume the need for the social analyst, but we have come—rightly—to demand rigorous standards from those who would guide us through the labyrinth of contemporary problems.

One who can justly claim to meet such standards, and who thereby merits our respectful attention, is Peter Drucker. Some of his writings, such as *The End of Economic Man,* have already become minor classics. His present post, as management consultant to large industrial enterprises, gives him a privileged position in the complicated corporate world of contemporary America. Further, he has a certain intellectual adventurousness: witness his magazine article of a year ago in which he claimed that the Catholic Church was among the best managed of human institutions. He appeared more generous in judging the Church's managerial competence than he would be in evaluating a business corporation, I believe, but the article revealed him as a thinker who does not walk accustomed paths.

There is a good deal of this willingness to take new positions in Mr. Drucker's last volume, *Landmarks of Tomorrow* (Harper. $4.50.), despite the author's modest claims for it. He says in the Introduction: "This book is a report on the new post-modern today we live in—nothing more. It does not deal with the future. Indeed I have tried to resist the temptation to speculate about what might be, let alone to predict what will be." He adds quite honestly that he has not even attempted to pull together the contents into an ordered whole, which he states can hardly be done until the distinctive characteristics of the new society has more clearly emerged.

EVEN WITH these self-imposed limitations, such a plan—to report on "the new post-modern today"—is formidable. Obviously, in so wide a terrain not everything can be plotted. But Mr. Drucker marks off a considerable area as his own by beginning with the investigation of "the philosophical shift from the Cartesian universe of mechanical cause to the new universe of pattern, purpose, and process." Like Raymond Aron, and so many other Europeans, he is concerned to find some substitute for the liberal dream of progress. Like them, he knows that much has been lost by the weakening of this dynamic concept in contemporary life. The view that history is moving toward a goal and that every single event is important in terms of that goal is a heritage of the Old Testament. Reinforced by Christianity and transferred into secular terms by the Enlightenment, it has been a central factor in the development of the West. But Mr. Drucker does not exaggerate when he states that, were it expressed today, it would seem part mockery, part foolishness. Only the Communists retain it in their credo, and it could be demonstrated that even with them it has been given a new interpretation.

What has taken its place? Nothing has been formalized in our contemporary writing, but Mr. Drucker

Monsignor Moody, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty at Ladycliff College, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

believes that we have found a new faith which operates on the practical level of action. He defines it as a belief in purposeful, organized change, in technology and its possibilities, and in our capacity to mold human institutions toward desired ends. He sees this belief in *innovation* as grounded in a new view of the universe, a view which emphasizes risk rather than chance or certainty. Man is seen as creating order by taking risks.

As evidence, the author cites the interest in research, for which expenditures have increased in the United States seventy-fold since 1928. Proportionately, it is the fastest growing item in our national budget, pursued by small business as well as big, and it flourishes in the fields of social welfare, medicine, education and marketing. Behind it is the acceptance of change as the norm, as being in itself order, since the only order we can comprehend is a dynamic one.

Effective change becomes itself the goal, for it is assumed that it can be anticipated, foretold, and even controlled. In fact, by such methods as "critical-factor analysis" we can tell what new knowledge we need and what developments in other, apparently unrelated, fields would have meaning for our problem. What we do today is to set an objective beyond our power and knowledge, define what needs to be done to make it attainable, and then organize work to get it done. Thus ordinary mortals are able to accomplish what in past ages could be done only by the rare genius. And, to an increasing degree, we are able to arrange our physical environment to fit predetermined human ends.

Mr. Drucker believes that we have demonstrated our capacity for innovation in the social field as well as in technology. He is aware that this places a new emphasis upon values, for every conscious social innovation expresses a view of what man and society are and what they ought to be. Before we can change we must define our objectives, a point that needs to be stressed in the light of the recent Chinese experiments in social engineering.

CONCERN for innovation leads Mr. Drucker into some interesting bypaths. He concedes the necessity for planning, since we must commit present resources to highly uncertain future results. But he is insistent that it remain local, for to him centralized planning is worse than random chance: "As long as an economy is purely imitative of other, more highly developed economies—as Soviet Russia was and largely still is—centralized planning is possible. It is wasteful. It is beset with serious risks. . . . But it is not impossible. The moment, however, that innovation becomes as necessary as it is highly desirable, centralized planning becomes impossible. It is no accident that the Russians are now busily engaged in decentralizing their planning."

His interest in innovation also inclines him to take an unfashionable attitude toward the present concern for the Organization Man. Even the casual reader of William Whyte's book might come to the conclusion that the case had been overstated. *The Organization Man* wisely warned us not to take acceptance too far, but it did not concede the fact that contemporary political and economic developments make it essential for us to work together, consciously and efficiently, if we are to survive. Mr. Drucker goes beyond this simple critique. He lauds our capacity to organize as a sign of our maturity. The man of skill and knowledge, who can bring others to voluntary, joint performance, is the man of importance in our type of society.

As evidence, Mr. Drucker cites the aircraft carrier. On a ship of this type there are many who must exercise decision-making skill and self-governing judgment. Each plies his own trade or profession, but each works closely with men of different skill and knowledge, and is informed in his work by the direction, quality, and purpose of the organization. Thus, Mr. Drucker says, organization does not destroy. It "creates energy and performance vastly superior to what any individual, no matter how skillful or experienced, could have produced." It is the team-work of organization that makes the individual effective.

Here again, the implications are interesting. Not so long ago I listened with full sympathy to a doctor's complaints against the growing role of the hospital administrator. My medical friend saw this person as an intruder into the consecrated area of healing, an unwelcome parasite who was arrogant in his assumption of control and ignorant of scientific medicine. All this had a familiar ring, for I had often heard faculty colleagues say about the same thing against his campus counterpart—the dean, the fund-raiser, the public relations man. To the classroom workhorse, this administrator who published no books and taught no classes, yet who drew a larger salary, hardly belonged to the academic community.

But these complaints do not impress Mr. Drucker. For him the modern hospital must be managed by a specialist who needs no precise medical knowledge as the campus administrator need not know Greek verbs. Today's doctor could hardly practice medicine unless he had access to, and membership in, the complex that is the modern hospital. Mr. Drucker sees the doctor now as dependent on the organization as the organization was once dependent upon him. Nor are the tears of the faculty to any avail, for in all fields, including the university, the employed professional is becoming the center of authority and responsibility, and the symbol of achievement in our society.

Both the specialist and the manager are necessary, but it is the latter who is the true focus of the new social order and the specialist is dependent upon him. It is the manager who brings the many individuals to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gether and welds them into an effective unit. His decisive contribution is his capacity to organize.

ORGANIZATION has its own objective and impersonal ends, Mr. Drucker asserts, and it must bend the individual's vision and efforts to these purposes. Yet it must not become an end in itself, for it can claim the loyalty of the individual only insofar as it allows him to become productive. It cannot aver that "what is good for General Motors is good for the country," for it serves only one of many human needs. The manager must exercise his power, yet give full scope to the judgment of the specialist. Basically, the manager's role is to demand superior performance in the direction of the common goal. He must give advancement, recognition, and status to the specialist without destroying his own necessary authority as decision-maker. He must foster the common vision and the common values which bind the human beings in his organization and thus prevent its degeneration into sterile bureaucracy. It is a formidable task, but Mr. Drucker assures us that it can be done, and more, that it is being done.

In fact, this managerial group has expanded to the point where it makes nonsense of Marx's dialectic of capitalists and workers. By 1955, managerial, professional and technical employees had become the largest single group in the American working population, having passed the total of the industrial workers. Marx had accurately described what had happened in the first phase of industrialization, but he did not foresee the "open-ended" society which has come into being in the advanced industrial countries. This is the society which has evolved the organization and its men. It must now create a system of values that will combine the aristocratic concept of unique responsibility with the democratic reality of general opportunity.

The essential problem of the new society is, of course, ethical. A relationship of opposition must be replaced by one of mutuality. The individual must be enlarged if the organization is to thrive, and if this be done, the organization will respond by offering greater scope for the human persons within it.

What has been suggested is that *Landmarks of Tomorrow* is more than another homily on the need for action in crisis. It is that in part, and it has some of the characteristics of this type of work. Each pronouncement is given the usual halo of novelty and it is, again as usual, stronger on the "what" than the "how." Nevertheless, it is a lucid presentation and analysis of some contemporary realities which are not much understood. On this score alone, it is an uncommon contribution to our understanding of, in Mr. Drucker's words, the "post-modern today."

BRITISH REPERTORY

The Play's the Thing

by J. L. BENVENISTI

THE BRITISH repertory movement, which has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and has in the past half century brought some sixty permanent repertory theaters into being, owes its origin to two women, neither of whom had any practical experience of the theater and one of whom was, to start with, not even particularly interested in it. Miss Horniman, a wealthy heiress, did at least start the Manchester repertory company because of a passionate enthusiasm for serious dramatic art. But Emma Cons, perhaps the more remarkable woman of the two and but for whom the now internationally famous "Old Vic" productions would never have come into being, was—originally at any rate—quite innocent of all such preoccupations. She was first and foremost an ardent social reformer with a special interest in housing and women's rights.

How her strange venture to cure social ills—a variety theater run on temperance lines—developed into the "Old Vic" of today, the home of classical drama with its own dramatic school, its sister theater for ballet and opera at Sadlers Wells, its Shakespearian productions that earn acclaim from Melbourne to New York, is a story that would take too long to tell. Certainly no one planned or foresaw the thing at the time. The same happy note of the unpremeditated marks the story of British repertory over the rest of the country.

But this raises a question that is crucial. Given such haphazard beginnings and the fact that the talkies killed the touring companies, how has the British repertory theater managed to survive?

Mr. Benvenisti, a British economist and writer, is a regular contributor to The Commonweal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PHRASE "There will always be room for a living theater" can, I suspect, be a very misleading one. It is true that the theater offers entertainment fit for an adult and civilized audience rather more frequently than does the cinema, which in the last resort must always be a medium of mass entertainment. Even so, as a means of creating illusion and a medium for story telling, the cinema, in my respectful submission, wins hands down. If the theater can resist the competition of modern cinema, it is for some other reason than its mere ability to present us with an actor in the flesh, and it was just such another reason that not only saved British repertory but made it the vital institution that it is.

The reason in this case is a rather special kind of audience participation, a participation that is really based on something very like a sense of proprietorship. Particularly in the smaller towns people feel that the local repertory is *their* theater which *their* patronage has kept going and they take a kind of vicarious credit for any merit a particular performance may attain. In such a town the actors are public figures and recognizable in the street, and to meet the leading lady at the local grocer's, actually buying soap and cereals like any other mortal, is always something of an experience.

I have spoken of British repertory as an institution that has contributed enormously to the enrichment of our lives. It has also been an important stimulus to artistic creation. It is true that repertory theaters concentrate very largely on the reproduction of London theatrical successes, and that some do this almost exclusively; but others follow a different policy and often produce new plays by new authors. Such new plays do not by any means always reach London—it is usually the play of the more conventional type, the broad farce, for instance, that reaches London via the provinces—but having been produced on provincial repertory they do quite often secure production on radio or the television screen. The rewards of a young dramatist who gets produced in repertory may be modest compared with those of the author of a London smash hit, but there are, nevertheless, rewards, and but for repertory such a dramatist would not be rewarded at all.

Examples of plays with definite dramatic merit which have been successfully produced in the provinces despite their lack of financial attraction for London managers, are John Hall's "The Lizard and the Rock" (produced at Birmingham), John Wiles' "Family on Trial" (produced at Guildford) Joseph O'Connor's "The Iron Harp" (produced at Bristol) and one could quote many others—Anthony Merryn's "The Way of a Wife" and "Our Little Life," for instance. Such plays, whose production in a repertory theater involves little or no additional outlay, were produced because the managements thought them worthy of production and for no other reason. The value of the service thus rendered by repertory is quite incalculable.

NOT LEAST of the achievements of repertory is its bringing home to the nation even in its remoter parts that good theater is a necessary adjunct to a civilized way of life and from this realization has come the increasing recognition that the theater, if the quality is sufficiently good, has a valid claim on communal funds. This is particularly welcome in the matter of capital outlay. A repertory theater, if it is to run smoothly and maintain its standards, needs rather more in the way of physical equipment than the ordinary London theater which is usually hired in the hope of a long run. It needs adequate workshop space, rehearsal rooms and if possible a recreation and refreshment room for its company.

The other great achievement of repertory is the difference that it has made to the whole position of the actor. It is true that for the acting profession repertory means extremely hard work. With a weekly change of program and consequently with rehearsals morning and afternoon, it means a working day that starts at ten thirty in the morning and goes on till half past eleven at night. In addition to rehearsals, women are in modern plays responsible for their own dresses and are often compelled by the size of their salaries to be their own dressmakers. It is regular chain gang stuff, but the actor has, generally speaking, been given a sense of security that is of enormous help in keeping up the quality of his work.

Actually, most engagements are terminable at a fortnight's notice, but it is the actor rather than the management that usually insists on this. When an actor has secured a certain popularity in a community, he becomes an asset to the box office and the management would generally be only too pleased to tie him down. For the most part it is the actor himself who prefers to remain moderately footloose on the chance of a sudden plum on television or of that longed for event which is every actor's dream, the telephone call from Sir Laurence Olivier.

AND THAT brings me to the real climax of this story, namely to the opening in the heart of the "city," the financial district east of St. Paul's, of the Mermaid theater, London's first new theater in thirty years and the first built in the "City" for over three hundred. Though the Mermaid is not itself a repertory theater but will hire its actors, ballets and musicians as occasion requires, it would never have come into being save for the recognition of good theater as a civic necessity for which the repertory movement is largely to be thanked.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mermaid has been built by public subscription, funds being forthcoming from brokers, shipping companies, insurance corporations, underwriters and other groups of hard-faced men, and not least from the "livery companies," the (extremely wealthy) successors of the ancient city guilds, and so much money has been raised that, if the broadcast declaration of Mr. Bernard Miles, the initiator of the scheme, is correct, this theater can go on running at a loss for years.

The City's generosity is something like a public act of penance and recantation for past ill usage of players and contempt of their profession. In Shakespeare's day it would have nothing to do with him and compelled him to put his playhouse on the other side of the river. Indeed in 1580 the Lord Mayor of London wrote to the then Lord Chancellor that "the players of plays are a very superfluous sort of men and the exercises of these plays is a great corruption of youth with unchaste and wicked matters."

Well perhaps then as now there were players and players, but the views of the city fathers have certainly changed and it is significant that when the fund-raising campaign was opened, it was the Lord Mayor of London who in front of the Mansion House (his official residence) threw the first coin into the box.

So "Bernard Miles and other poor players of London"—for so they are referred to in the new charter which the City has granted—have opened their theater which they have built on an old bomb site by the river and which they now hold freehold, and there they are to show us any work that can claim the right to production by virtue of its intrinsic quality. The bill is to range from Shakespeare to Camus and from Sophocles to Brecht. We are also promised some medieval mystery plays—if they can get round the censor's ruling against the representation of God on the stage —and "Treasure Island" for the children at Christmas.

Now it seems to me that what I have tried to say here should be read in a much wider context, for though the theater is not the queen of the arts, it is an art which lends itself with particular ease—and with particular visibility—to the process of subsidy in all its various forms. Even so, that subsidy would not be forthcoming so readily, were it not to some extent symbolic and possessed of a relevance far beyond the theater itself. It is in actual fact a quite general gesture. We feel that there are certain things like good food, good houses, good music and good books, that should, as far as possible, be available to all and that these things fall outside the legitimate disciplines of the market. We reckon good theater among them, but in helping the theater we are asserting a principle that applies to a lot of other things too. The feeling may be vague, but it is certainly there and I hope it will grow even stronger.

THE SCREEN

"GALOOTS"

I DON'T KNOW whether Gerald Green's father, who was the model for the big-hearted doctor in Green's novel *The Last Angry Man,* invented the word "galoots," which he applied to those self-centered, irresponsible people who thought the world owed them a living, or whether he borrowed it from Carl Sandburg who had a great deal to say on the subject and even called one of his poems "Galoots." In any case, Dr. Sam Abelman, in both the novel and the movie now made from it, is neither the last nor the first angry man. He is a charitable and lovable doctor living and practicing in a run-down section of Brooklyn and devoting himself to his patients. He may get annoyed with the galoots—those who don't pay, or worse yet, those delinquents, juvenile and adult, who impose their jungle tactics on others—but he won't refuse to treat them as patients. He gives his all.

In this lead role, Paul Muni also gives his all. It is a studied and old-fashioned performance in the best tradition of his Zola and Pasteur and Juarez, and in spite of Muni, the actor, showing through, it is an extremely moving portrait. "The Last Angry Man" is an old-fashioned movie, more like a character sketch of a dedicated man than a full-bodied film; and the other characters are of importance only in their relationship to this man and his influence on them. Most impressive of all is David Wayne whose skillful underplaying as a T.V. executive adds the much-needed realism to a script that abounds in clichés. Surrounded as he is by pushing Madison Avenue types, worried about his mortgaged house and his insecure job, this young executive comes up with a bright idea for a prospective drug client: a T.V. documentary series about Americans, with Dr. Abelman as the first subject. In the episodes that follow there are some clever satires on television shows, as well as some very warm and sentimental situations during which a little of Dr. Abelman's goodness and philosophy rub off on the determined executive. Wayne portrays the change in this man with great conviction, even surviving the gushing sentimentality of Muni's death scene—probably the longest last gasp since "The Last Hurrah." Although Daniel Mann's direction of his large and capable cast is rather static, the two main characters come through well; and what many will remember longest about the movie is the angry man's kindness, even to the galoots who wore out his big heart.

DR. ABELMAN would probably use the term "galoots" to describe the six leading characters, four oldsters and two youngsters, who think the world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owes them a living and a loving in "A Summer Place." Produced, directed and written by Delmar Daves from Sloan Wilson's novel, this slick, handsomely Technicolored, very lengthy (130 minutes) and often dreary concoction is mainly concerned with the young couple whose love-life is full of problems, but the plot has to take care of their parents first. The boy's father and mother (Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire) run an inn on Pine Island, Maine. To this inn come the girl and her parents (Richard Egan, Constance Ford). Both couples are unhappily married, Dorothy being saddled with an irresponsible drunk, and Richard being tied to a domineering puritan who no longer shares his bed. Richard and Dorothy give one look at each other and know they have to resume their romance of twenty years ago when Richard, then poor, was a lifeguard at Pine Island. Their subsequent love affair led to scandal, divorce and their marrying each other.

In the meantime, Dorothy's son (Troy Donahue) and Richard's daughter(Sandra Dee) have fallen in love with each other, but they, the victims of their parents' bickering and irresponsible behavior, become as confused as their elders; and when the girl becomes pregnant, they don't know whom to turn to. For a while at this point I thought the picture was going to stop being a soap opera and get down to some serious thinking. But I was quite mistaken, for the plot ran on and on to its logical soapy conclusion. All in all, there is practically nothing to recommend about "A Summer Place." Dorothy McGuire and Arthur Kennedy do try to give some semblance of acting and characterization, but the script is against them; and if the movie has any point, it went down the drain with the suds.

MOVIEGOERS who like a little action on the screen will find that "The Wreck of the Mary Deare" supplies it along with some first-rate melodrama. Furthermore, under Michael Anderson's good direction, Gary Cooper and Charlton Heston turn in their best performances in a long time. As the captain of a salvage boat rammed by the *Mary Deare* during a gale in the English Channel, Heston boards the freighter and finds it deserted except for its acting-captain (Cooper) who looks as if he'd been done in by his crew. After this suspenseful opening, the film gets even more exciting when Cooper runs his ship on the rocks—not to wreck it but to save it so it can be investigated by a Board of Inquiry. Then the investigation in London adds to the excitement and mystery and so do the later scenes when Heston and Cooper swim out to the *Mary Deare*.

Although Julian Blaustein's production, using Cinemascope and color, is excellent, the picture has the added attraction of being unpretentious. Its good cast includes Michael Redgrave, Ben Wright, Emlyn Williams, Richard Harris, Virginia McKenna and others in small roles. Eric Ambler's script based on Hammond Innes' novel is well written and doesn't insult one's intelligence. And the colorful visuals, thanks to all concerned, provide the liveliest sea movie in many a day.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

MUSICAL VARIATIONS

THE PRESENCE of Mr. Jackie Gleason in any stage event would seem either to promise or to warn of an impending tumult, so it is with an amiable shock that one records the tactful discretion he brings to his appearance in "Take Me Along." Mr. Gleason, to begin, moves with the fastidious grace of all natural mammoths: poised and cocked on a softshoe, he calls to mind that baroque ballet of the elephants in "Fantasia." His pathos, when he invokes it, is classical; his comic condescension lordly and distinterested. Nothing ruffles that unshakable exterior but, now and then, a dusty gleam of the irrational: Mr. Gleason shares with Miss Lillie and the great clowns a capacity for sudden reversion to lunacy.

Nor is he the only excellence of "Take Me Along." To this musical variation on the O'Neill "Ah! Wilderness," Mr. Robert Morse contributes his sulky slouch and naiveté, an image of personality projected with so much tender wit that it seems a fresh and endearing creation. Miss Eileen Herlie's spontaneity, her constant suggestion of an ecstacy proportioned to the shape of the moment, is not only delighting but full of a delicate spiritual stress. I have rarely seen roles—on the necessarily simplified musical stage—played with so precise a taste and with so distinguished a regard for the vulnerable heart beneath the skin of folly.

The event itself, as substance, as lyrical theater, has less definition. But for one mindless foray into dance-hall trumpery, "Take Me Along" insists on the primacy of the play, lets O'Neill's gouache establish its autumnal tones and ironies without interference—it makes, that is, few concessions to the current musical obsession with energy. Is such abstinence enough? "Take Me Along" would seem to suggest, not quite. It reminds us that a medley of forms alone is insufficient, that the condition of any instance in art will always be the condition of its medium. The tired expertise of the musical vocabulary of "Take Me Along" denies, ironically, the very freshness its other virtues had sought to impose. *(At the Shubert.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPANY TOWN

THE COPPER TOWN of San Manuel is altogether different from the traditional picture of a grim company mining town. The first view of it from the long, sloping approach in the empty San Pedro Valley of Arizona is both surprising and exciting. But in late October, 1959, once walking or driving along its well paved streets, past its attractive modern ranch houses all neatly placed in their well landscaped pattern, a visitor finds very quickly that an unreal, Rip van Winkle atmosphere of waiting, of dormancy, of inhaling without exhaling flattens his initial exhilaration. A printed sign hangs in the window next to many of the front doors—"Day Sleeper." This practical warning in a town where an industrial process normally requires shifts around the clock, seven days a week, acquires a more figurative, general meaning.

The San Manuel mine, mill and smelter, in 1958 the second largest producer in the Copper State, have been struck since August 11th. The local strike is conducted in a routine manner, so far with no "incidents" at all, and its fate and finish are expected mostly from outside forces. But a long, debilitating strike tightens the tensions of a close company community. There are few cases of extreme hardship, but the strike is a general depressant, taken, it seems, like a distasteful medicine meted out by an impersonal clinic.

This is the first strike to test this community, which the San Manuel Townsite Co., a subsidiary of Magma Copper, took over, freshly completed, on April 1, 1955. There are precisely 1050 dwelling units, a few in duplexes, but nearly all one storey, big window houses set in their own suburban-sized lots. The site has a large public grade school and highschool, a community center, hospital, big park, two business-shopping centers, seven churches, and one—only one!—bar. Rents range from $50 per month to $95, which gets a large, four bedroom home and garden. There is no segregation or zoning by race or rank or rent. Of the mine's twenty-six hundred employees, about a third live here in San Manuel, along with some who work in the town's stores and services; another third live in Mammoth and Oracle, older villages about ten miles north and south; and most of the rest in Tucson, forty-five miles around the mountains.

The Townsite is run at a regular monthly loss: "one of the costs of mining copper." There are special losses now. Rents are not demanded on the barrel head, and vacancies have mounted to ninety-six. The local utilities and merchants are hurting, but are mostly going along extending credit. San Manuel, it seems perfectly clear, is run not as a means of extra profit for the corporation, nor as a means to coerce labor. By evolution, the company town has emerged as a form of more or less subsidized housing project.

Almost everybody considers it mercilessly dull. "Good looking," the strike pickets will say, "but after you've said that? . . . Oh, it is well run. The houses are all right, as you see. We are not complaining about that part."

It is boring. That atmosphere of waiting, of removal, of life sleeping away, which the strike exaggerates, possesses the place always. There are almost frantic efforts at community activities and organizations, but their success is almost limited to the young. With the mature men and women, thus far the community and all those projected organizations and doings simply do not come off.

The Catholic pastor, with patient and charitable optimism, looks for age gradually to settle and grow more of a living community. The parish, which comprises three hundred of the families, is progressing. But will the Townsite, as a real town, grow and diversify and become humanly enriched in its present form and organization? It is doubtful. There is no plan to add to it, with its operating deficit; and it will not even be permitted to age beyond a scientific rate of obsolescence. San Manuel is engineered to fit the needs of production. Its form is modeled on the best new subdivisions of American suburbs from coast to coast, but modeled more tightly and flagrantly to its purpose.

Although hundreds of the mine employees do live in Mammoth, the old mining and small farming community ten miles down the Valley along the hot San Pedro river bed, nearly all the employees who live in San Manuel can't conceive of living there. Around Mammoth, there are chickens on the front porch. The streets are dirt. The cantinas don't look clean. The town disappears in gullies, in mesquite thickets, in patchy little farms. "It's like a Mexican town!" To a visitor passing through it, Mammoth looks picturesque and natural and interesting; it reaches the imagination . . . with those chickens and garden patches, the extra dogs, junk ready for leisurely salvage, the flowers not bedded down but luxuriant, with buildings and people and activities whose function is not apparent.

The mine employees divide and differ in their choice of home town. Much is given up with either choice. If the Corporation itself had chosen the less efficient Mammoth for the required housing facilities, an overbalancing new addition in the style of San Manuel would have submerged the character and attraction of the older town, anyway. The contrast has been made too great. A productive blueprint is no satisfactory foundation for a city. PHILIP BURNHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Joyce, Catholicism and Mr. Morse

THE SYMPATHETIC ALIEN. By J. Mitchell Morse. N.Y. University Press. $4.

By KEVIN SULLIVAN

IN NOVEMBER, 1929, H. G. Wells, replying to a request by James Joyce that he help in propagandizing the latter's *Work in Progress,* gave as reason for his refusal the irreconcilable differences in thought, taste, and tendency between them. "You began Catholic," Wells wrote, "that is to say you began with a system of values in stark opposition to reality. Your mental existence is obsessed by a monstrous system of contradictions. You really believe in chastity, purity and the personal God. . . . I can't follow your banner any more than you can follow mine. But the world is wide and there is room for both of us to be wrong."

J. Mitchell Morse, a less than sympathetic alien, has been following the Joyce banner for several years now, reporting back from time to time in learned journals on the various degrees of Joyce's obsession with this "monstrous system of contradictions." He has recently put together a half-dozen of these essays, added an introductory and final chapter, and published what purports to be, according to its sub-title, a study of "James Joyce and Catholicism."

It is, unfortunately, nothing of the kind. The need for such a study is real and was already apparent years before Wells' bull-headed but amiable brush-off of Joyce's later work. But one has a right to expect that the man for the job possess—in addition to an adequate knowledge of Catholic theology and its ancillary disciplines—a sure sense of Catholicism itself; Catholicism, that is, not as history or ideology, dogma or liturgy, but quite simply (or perhaps not so simply) Catholicism as *felt* experience. One might also expect, besides a ready familiarity with Joyce's text and biography, at least a passing acquaintance with what is relevant in previous Joyce scholarship, and some indication of the extent to which such scholarship corroborates or dissents from the writer's own point of view. To approach a subject like "Joyce and Catholicism" unequipped with these minimal qualifications is to show rare courage. Mr. Morse shows no lack of courage and it has led him, imperturbably confident, into regions where less precipitate spirits might fear to tread.

His opening chapter sets up a hurriedly historical framework of ideas ("The Heretical Tradition") in which, with a nip here and a tuck there, subsequent chapters are made to fit. Mr. Morse's view of Catholic intellectual history between Tertullian and Loyola—he takes the broad view—seems influenced chiefly by the thought of W. S. Gilbert. That is to say, every Catholic thinker is turned out either a little liberal or else a little conservative. The former, occupying one quarter of the nominalistic jungle, constitute a sort of proto-Protestant tradition and include (*pax tibi, Pater Hopkins!*) a "democratic and Protestant" Duns Scotus cheek by jowl with Wycliff and Ockham. The latter, or dinosaur wing of medieval Catholicism, is dominated by Anselm, Aquinas, and people like that. Joyce, of course, is an intellectual descendant of those "humane Protestants of the Middle Ages" as distinct from the "hard-eyed Protestants who established new orthodoxies as restrictive as the old."

Wide-eyed, Mr. Morse can also tell us "precisely" why Joyce left the church: in protest "(1) against the despiritualization of religion and (2) against the devaluation of the individual person." To which one of Mr. Morse's clear-eyed schoolmen might answer with the quaint distinction: *"Sensu aiente,* Mr. Morse, *concedo; sensu negante, nego."* But Morse, though he jocularly concedes that splitting hairs is the highest end of man, is really satisfied with a simple division into good guys and bad guys—like a McCarthy among the theologians.

In this he exhibits throughout these essays a singular knowledge of theology—dogmatic, moral, and ascetical. Here is Morse on the distinction of Persons in the Blessed Trinity "In fact, the only way the church could keep man's soul from complete damnation was to split God into three parts, the first to damn, the second to save, and the third to reconcile the other two; but in order to avoid a polytheistic division of authority it had to insist that the three were identical in will and in power."

Buck Mulligan, one of that "brood of mockers" whose function in *Ulysses,* Morse correctly notes, is to understand nothing, is here out-Mulliganated. It would be charitable to think that Mr. Morse has his tongue in his cheek —but no, it lolls out of the mouth time and again:

"Holiness is in fact nothing but the stubborn will that will not be violated. In this sense Satan is holy, partakes of the nature of God. . . ."

"This [belief that the sexual organs will not be resurrected] is heretical in its conclusion, but perfectly orthodox in its assumption that sex is shameful."

Mr. Morse can even manage to work more than one error into a single sentence: "His [Mulligan's] first words, the Introit of the day, combine irreverence with bad grammar, a violation of the Word: 'Introibo ad altare Dei.' "

This is not, of course, the Introit of the day (June 16) nor is it ungrammatical unless Morse intends to revise the Latin language as drastically as he has distorted Catholic theology. Whatever he means by "a violation of the Word"—God or grammar?—is anybody's guess.

These and other errors of fact and interpretation might have been avoided, had Morse bothered to look through a few recent studies on Joyce. Had he, for example, read William Noon's *Joyce and*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aquinas, he could never have concluded from the *Summa* that "Art is thus completely amoral" and that "Oscar Wilde hardly went farther" in this direction than St. Thomas. This kind of objection might seem a pedantic quibble, but not when we remember that Morse's essays originally appeared in learned periodicals which, more commonly praised than read, place a premium on pedantry. The criticism is further justified by the author's efforts, in his notes, to demonstrate the apparatus of scholarship, and by his preface in which he acknowledges his personal indebtedness to scholars whose professional work he nowhere acknowledges.

The explanation of all this may lie, I think, in Mr. Morse's style which approximates the cozy colloquial idiom of the undergraduate seminar. There is certainly nothing wrong with such a style so long as its informality is not self-indulgent, permissive of lesions in thought or lapses of taste, a confusion of mind and manners which, affecting casualness, is in effect merely silly. Mr. Morse, in his attempt to be at once critical and casual, scholarly and colloquial, is too frequently self-indulgent.

One cannot, I suppose, hold Mr. Morse responsible for not knowing what it feels like to be, like Joyce, a jesuitized Catholic or—what is worse— an ex-Catholic of the same stripe. But one might expect from him what Bergson called an "effort of the imagination"—empathy, in a colloquial sense—or, failing that, an awareness of his own inadequacies and the gratifying silence that might follow therefrom. But that communion which for Joyce was "in *unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam*: the slow growth and change of rite and dogma like his own rare thoughts, a chemistry of stars" is, for Morse, not much different than membership in the Republican party, the Rotarians, or—a galaxy of scholars—the Modern Language Association. Mr. Morse is too much of an alien, spiritually and intellectually, to have any real sympathy with the man or the tradition of which he writes. One must perhaps have either H. G. Wells' commonsense contempt for "a monstrous system of contradictions" or crazy Corvo's attachment to a Catholicism which was his "consolation and tribulation," before any kind of perspective is possible. But Morse, having neither Wells' sanity nor Corvo's madness, is quite incapable of perspective, sympathy, or even, I am sorry to say, the proprieties.

What Exactness Is

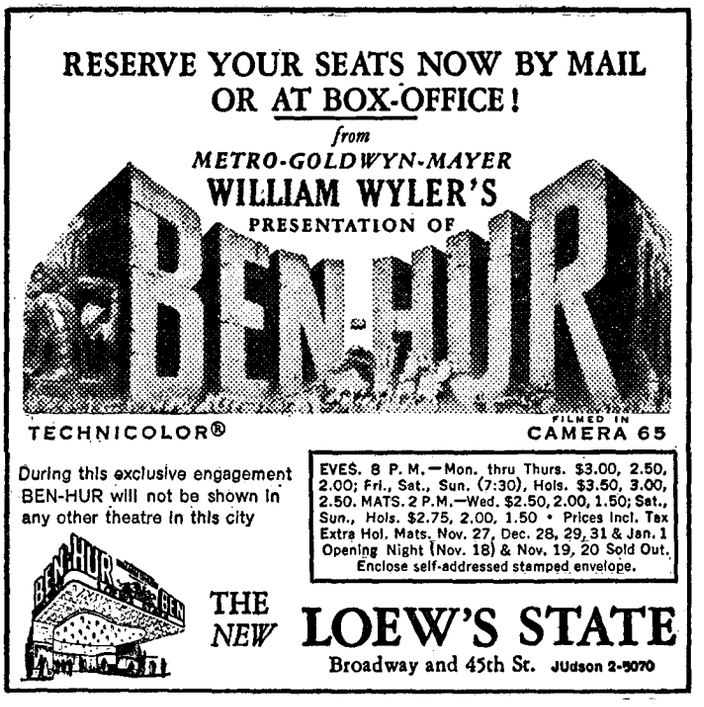
O TO BE A DRAGON. By Marianne Moore. Viking. $2.75.

By JANET FISCALINI

THERE IS something to be said for the reviewer of poetry who simply quotes, and has done with it. Only it is difficult to have done with quoting Miss Moore, whose rather mannered style has a surface made up of precise, intense images and brilliant epigrams. She presents things—a coiffure, an ostrich, a sand rat, an arrangement of nectarines—as if she had set out to show us what exactness is. And it turns out, of course, to be a particular ecstasy. But her "charm" and her treatment of the miniature are so familiar that one likes to remember other things:

> . . . This elephant-skin
> which I inhabit, fibred over
> like the shell of
> the cocoanut, this piece of black
> glass through which no light
>
> can filter—cut
> into checkers by rut
> of unpreventable experience . . .
>
> . . . Black
> but beautiful, my back
> is full of the history of
> power . . .

The moral insights and summings-up are sometimes brusquely final, and sometimes fine as the hatpins on the heads of which they might be engraved: "I have seen this swan and/ I have seen you; I have seen ambition without/ understanding in a variety of forms";


RESERVE YOUR SEATS NOW BY MAIL
OR AT BOX-OFFICE!
from
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
WILLIAM WYLER'S
PRESENTATION OF
BEN-HUR
TECHNICOLOR®
FILMED IN
CAMERA 65
During this exclusive engagement BEN-HUR will not be shown in any other theatre in this city
EVES. 8 P. M.—Mon. thru Thurs. $3.00, 2.50, 2.00; Fri., Sat., Sun. (7:30), Hols. $3.50, 3.00, 2.50. MATS. 2 P.M.—Wed. $2.50, 2.00, 1.50; Sat., Sun., Hols. $2.75, 2.00, 1.50 • Prices Incl. Tax
Extra Hol. Mats. Nov. 27, Dec. 28, 29, 31 & Jan. 1
Opening Night (Nov. 18) & Nov. 19, 20 Sold Out.
Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
THE NEW
LOEW'S STATE
Broadway and 45th St. JUdson 2-5070

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Important New Books for Catholic Readers —from Doubleday

PETER MAURIN: GAY BELIEVER

Arthur Sheehan. A warm, illuminating biography of the co-founder of the Catholic Worker movement and prime mover in the anti-Marxist "Green Revolution." *A Hanover House Book.* $3.75

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John J. Dougherty. The fundamental nature, background, basic framework, authorship and language of the Bible, as well as the Catholic concept of the Scriptures, are clearly set forth in this popular introduction to the Bible. *A Hanover House Book.* $3.95

IN ALL CONSCIENCE

Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. One of America's foremost literary critics presents a collection of his most significant articles on literature and related aspects of society and culture. *A Hanover House Book.* $3.95

FACTS OF THE FAITH

Msgr. J.D. Conway. A clear and practical explanation of the basic doctrines of Catholicism, summarized comprehensively and factually. A popular presentation of theology for the layman. *A Hanover House Book.* $4.50

CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT ON EDUCATION

Neil G. McCluskey, S.J. The newest volume in the *Catholic Viewpoint Series* faces a controversial question and explores, calmly and reasonably, the many complex areas of disagreement and misunderstanding in a thoroughly illuminating discussion. *A Hanover House Book.* $3.50

At all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

"Art is unfortunate./ One may be a blameless/bachelor, and it is but/ a step to Congreve."

Everyone admits that she is a moralist, but her morality is not the sort to be summed up, neatly, in a paragraph. However, it would be interesting, sometime, to look at the less obvious relations between her style and her morality—style being, for her, to a certain extent a matter of moral choice. And not, of course, the converse. Her moral choices do not reflect aesthetic preferences—though she moves in an indoor or house-and-library-and-garden world, where questions of morals, of taste, and of manners crowd on each other.

Most often, the poems move obliquely, wheeling, zig-zagging, leaping from image to image, from relation to relation. The number and quickness of the movements and implications, working with the furious detail of the images, made some passages exhausting. In the early poems, too, she was quite mean about transitions and explanations—though her woods were always more interesting than most high roads.

In any case, her new book, *O To Be a Dragon,* is relatively relaxed and easy tempered. In an occasional piece written for the Boston Arts Festival in 1958, she turns lightly through half a dozen observations and associations — concerning a taxi driver, a weather vane, some early snowdrops, the words of a hymn—and comes at last to "freedom":

. . . And what is freedom for?
. . . it is for 'freedom to toil'
with a feel for the tool.
Those in the trans-shipment
camp must have a skill . . .
Ineligible if they ail.
Well?
There are those who will talk
for an hour
without telling you why they have
come. And I? . . .

This book is not a major effort for Miss Moore, but it has at least one poem which belongs among her best things. "Leonardo da Vinci's/ St. Jerome and his lion" is a fable which, working from the picture and the legend and historical associations, suggests a definition of justice. "The Arctic Ox" reads, in part, like a good-natured parody of her own way of charm. I am still not certain that I want a coat of qiviut ("To wear the arctic fox/you have to kill it. Wear/qiviut—the underwool of the arctic ox"), but I do want an arctic ox:

The musk ox
has no musk and it is not
an ox—
illiterate epithet.
Bury your nose in one when
wet.

It smells of water, nothing
else,
and browses goatlike on
hind legs.

And I particularly liked "Melchior Vulpius" and "No better 'than a withered daffodil' ".

Pollyanna Triumphant

DEAR BEAST. By Nancy Hale. Little, Brown. $4.00.

By MAX COSMAN

DEAR BEAST should have been a better than middling novel. The author is a professional and the plot goes back to one of the tenderest themes in literature: Ruth agonizing in the alien corn. The supporting characters, men and women of achievement or position, are just made to order for significant treatment. Even the choice of subsidiary topic is good. The nature of the South, like that of early New England or the initial West, never fails to be of interest.

These things true, why is Miss Hale's result so tangential to her opportunity? The shortest answer is that she has been too easy with herself and this has vitiated her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work several ways. The dialogue too often is pure Hollywood. The incidental comment is apt to smack of the cocktail hour. More conclusive still, the final effect, that which invariably reveals the consciousness of the artist and the character of the work, is Pollyanna triumphant.

Are we too harsh? Read Miss Hale's envoy, the intended moment of truth in her book: "They had not married each other, she reflected, because of being alike. And if she loved him, it was less because he had been loyal and courageous, or foolish and in need of her, or even because she understood him better or found him more lovable, than simply because he was her husband, and she just did."

A papier-mâché reality! Its non-sequitur and paradox function in every leading characterization. Thus Tommy Hume, at first a man of sterling perception, the masterful answer to a timid woman's prayer, turns out to be something of a beatnik come up in the world and likely to go down again.

Boogher, pronounced "Booker" in his native haunts, is right along a windbag and a demonstrated bully fixated by a bitter boyhood. Suddenly he becomes an object of deserved pity. (Miss Hale hates transitions.) Nay more, he is really a man whose chivalry and inscrutability mark him for admiration.

Nor is Abby Daniel the heroine more acceptable. A humble uncomplaining helper of Mrs. Starkey and Starkeyvillians in general, she has not neglected to take their measure in a successful though anonymous novel, *The Rose That Died*. She is still continuing her scrutiny, if occasional hints are to be credited, in a diary. All this, of course, would be unexceptionable were she a Dostoievskian complex, but as presented she is more of a Vermont mouse in a Virginian cupboard.

Miss Hale's wavering in conception is in part due to her faith in a particular psychology. The play's not the thing for her; Freudianism is. Indeed, her dramatis personae might justly be called constructs about armatures like the unconscious and the libido.

Another cause of difficulty is

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS

MADELINE AND THE GYPSIES

Story and Pictures by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

In a Paris aglow with brilliant color, gypsies rescue Madeline when she is stuck on top of a Ferris wheel.
Ages 5 to 8 $3.50

NINE DAYS to CHRISTMAS

By MARIE HALL ETS and AURORA LABASTIDA
Illustrated by Marie Hall Ets

A little Mexican girl has her very own Christmas festival with her first *piñata*. Exquisite drawings in gay full color.
Ages 4 to 7 $3.25

SPACE WITCH

Story and Pictures by DON FREEMAN

This witch tries outer space but finds, for haunting, there's no space like home!
Ages 4 to 7 $2.00

OTTO IN TEXAS

Story and Pictures by WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS

Otto, the giant dog, and Duke, his master, visit Texas and outfox a new brand of outlaw—the oil rustler. Gorgeous full color.
Ages 5 to 9 $2.50

THE LONG-NOSED PRINCESS

By PRISCILLA HALLOWELL

Illustrated by Rita Fava

The chosen prince mocks her nose, but in this merry tale she finds her true love anyway.
Ages 6 to 10 $2.00

DENNY AND THE INDIAN MAGIC

By LESTER ROWNTREE
Illustrated by Roberta Moynihan

His dream comes true when, through his belief in a blind old Indian's prophecy, Denny learns the secret of talking with the desert animals he loves.
Ages 7 to 11 $2.50

PIPPI IN THE SOUTH SEAS

By ASTRID LINDGREN
Illustrated by Louis S. Glanzman

The glorious and outlandish adventures of Pippi and her friends Tommy and Annika. On this tropical island where Pippi's father is king, Pippi is declared princess!
Ages 8 to 12 $2.00

PICTURES TO LIVE WITH

By BRYAN HOLME
Over 150 Reproductions; 8 in color

An exciting variety from the ancient to the modern—of special interest to young people. Lively commentary by a connoisseur.
High School $4.50

THE ROMANCE OF CHEMISTRY

From Ancient Alchemy to Nuclear Fission
By KEITH GORDON IRWIN

Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli

From days when men tried to turn base metal into gold, up to today's atomic discoveries.
High School $3.75

THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N.Y.
Please send me a free copy of your 146-page illustrated catalogue.

Name .....
Street .....
City .....
Zone ..... State .....
C20

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A picture of continuing Russian terror and Hungarian resistance."
—LIFE, September 28

HUNGARY
UNDER SOVIET RULE III

A Survey of Developments from the Revolution to August 1959
with a Special Annex:
Tibet—An Asian Hungary

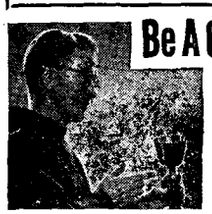
Editorial Committee:
ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.
LEO CHERNE
CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

American Friends of the Captive Nations
510 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.
I enclose ..... for ..... copies of HUNGARY UNDER SOVIET RULE III, at $1 a copy.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....Zone.....State.....

"CHINA IS NOT *a mere puppet of Russia, like Bulgaria or Albania, but a junior ally. As against the West, there is no international breach between the two, nor will there be within the useable future. Peiping and Moscow function as two non-identical but complementary arms of the single anti-Western world revolution. They will not, and indeed they cannot try to cut each others' throats until they have finished cutting ours.*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. C-A, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

BARNES & NOBLE, Inc.
105 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.
Over 1,000,000 Used & New Textbooks of all publishers at reduced prices



Be A Graymoor Priest
Home and Foreign Missions
write
VOCATION DIRECTOR
Graymoor, Garrison
New York

Give **The Commonweal** *for Christmas*

more personal. Subject to ambivalence, she is both a satirist and a sentimentalist. When she is the former she will pass judgment on the South's high-flown rhetoric, its dislike of arts other than literature, its arrogations in matters of courtesy and hospitality, its underlying guilt where Negroes are concerned. When she is the latter, she is frail woman with a vengeance. On the slimmest of evidence Abby is touted—by city sophisticates, if you will—as a person with a "conscience," as the possessor of the "internal economy" of an artist, and, believe it or not, as "the Proustess of our generation," "the Shakespearia of the twentieth century."

In this ballooning of adulation, unpricked by authorial criticism, one senses a submission to fantasy. The impression gathers force as Abby's effect on extra-marital males is depicted. No sooner is she alone with them than she becomes an object of passes. Tommy makes them. Andrew asks permission to make them. Even old Jason of Jason & Terhune indicates a desire to make them.

But perhaps Miss Hale is saying these things tongue in cheek? If so, the cheek is suspiciously flat. We must perforce assume that what she says she means, and proceed to see the heroine of *Dear Beast* as a silly darling, a homely beauty, an ordinary genius—all in all, a genuine Yankee who makes good in endearing herself to those nasty yet on the whole lovable Southerners. Surely it is a role for Joan Crawford, or, she not available, for Marilyn Monroe.

Theory for a Literary Movement

THE IRISH WRITERS. By Herbert Howarth. Hill and Wang. $4.50. Paper $1.95.

By CHARLES MONAGHAN

IT IS REFRESHING to find a book that accords some importance to modern Irish writers other than Joyce and Yeats. Professor Howarth, an Englishman now teaching at the University of Pittsburgh, strikes a fine balance as he writes of George Moore, Lady Gregory, George Russell (AE) and J. M. Synge, as well as the two giants.

The thesis of the book is intriguing and suggestive: "The Irish committed the crucial act of killing their prophet (Parnell), and the guilt, desire to purify the guilt, the belief that his sacrifice sanctified, the belief that sacrifice assures rebirth, gave them irresistible vigor in the next generation. . . . The young gradually integrated his memory into their hopes of an ancient, physically powerful and audacious Ireland. A literary movement found symbols and a language for their dream." This messianic hope had an earlier manifestation in a folk legend, discovered by Lady Gregory in the Irish mountains, that Daniel O'Connell was a divine child. Messianic themes found by Yeats and AE in theosophic and other esoteric literature and the elevation of Cuchulain to messianic status by several writers further charged the literary atmosphere.

But once he has pinpointed his thesis and acutely analyzed the conditions in which messianism could flourish, Professor Howarth fails to pursue the theme strongly in his essays on individual writers, except in the case of Joyce. He argues that Joyce drew heavily on Kitty O'Shea's book, *Charles Stewart Parnell,* for his portrait of Leopold Bloom. That Joyce considered Bloom a messiah is not at all farfetched, and Howarth introduces some interesting evidence to support the link with Parnell. He also considers *Finnegans Wake* as the ultimate expression of the messianic theme and suggests a reading based on it.

The other essays are more suited to the general reader. The Yeats' chapter, a sane and valuable survey, turns on a comparison between the young nationalist and the su-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational

MAINE

St. Francis College

Conducted by the Franciscan Fathers. Small 4-year liberal arts college for men. B.A. degree. Majors in 5 fields. Organized sports: basketball, soccer, baseball, tennis; swimming, boating on Maine Coast. Two hours from Boston. Tuition, board and room: $1215. Catalog. Director of Admissions, 592 Pool St., Biddeford, Maine.

KANSAS

St. Benedict's College

Atchison, Kansas. A Catholic College for men conducted by the Benedictine Fathers. A Liberal Arts College, accredited by the North Central Association. Located fifty miles northwest of Kansas City, Missouri, on the Missouri River. Address Registrar for information.

Classified

RATES: $1.20 a line, or 6 words, 2-line minimum. Discounts: 3 times, 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable in advance. DISPLAY: $11.90 per inch, same discounts.

Irish Books and Gifts

• Books, Linens, Gifts, Catalogs. IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, INC. 870 Lexington Ave., (near 65th) New York

Chesterton and Belloc

• All Chesterton's and Belloc's Books 250 Titles, Free Catalogue. Prosser, 3118 N. Keating, Chicago 41, Ill.

Catholic Books

• CATHOLIC BOOKS, NEW and USED Free Lists, Free Search Service C. F. PETELLE, Box 289, Maywood, Illinois

Spiritual Reading

• Familiar with THINKER'S DIGEST? Superb spiritual brevities. Dynamically inspirational. Order for birthday greetings or gift enclosures. Admirable for servicemen. Back issues at FIVE COPIES FOR $1. Quantity limited. THINKER'S DIGEST, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Vestments

• EUCHARISTIC VESTMENTS in the English Tradition of Fine Needlework. BETHANY GUILD, Box 1516, New Haven, Conn.

Teacher Wanted

• ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT, Catholic men's college, East, seeks man with Ph.D. (others will be considered) for September, 1960. Rank and salary according to education and experience. BOX 1120, The Commonweal.

preme poet of the later years. The Moore chapter is also a survey but fails to pose any unifying theory about his work. Howarth makes much of the slight fact that Moore considered *Hail and Farewell* a "sacred book," but this hardly proves that Moore was a messianist.

Howarth's claims for the literary merit of the work of Lady Gregory and AE, though interesting, do not convince this reader. There is no question, however, about the importance of both to the movement, and Howarth succeeds in elucidating their contributions. Lady Gregory's stemmed more from her collection of folk tales than from her plays, and AE's more from his political writings than his poetry.

The best essay in the book is on Synge. Synge's researchers in the Irish countryside bore substantial fruit. *The Playboy of the Western World* is the best play of the movement and Howarth's comments on it are enlightening, as is his tracing of the English reactions to Synge.

The Irish Writers will be of interest to the experts for its suggestive, though unproven, thesis and for the Joyce chapter. Its ultimate value, though, is as a general introduction to the important writers of the Irish literary renaissance.

CORRECTION

In our Oct. 16th issue, we were pleased to present "Budapest," written by one of America's leading young poets, Claire McAllister. Miss McAllister's work first appeared in these pages in March of 1957; nonetheless, in her most recent appearance we managed to misspell her name. Our apologies to Miss McAllister and to our readers.

THE EDITORS.

REVIEWERS

Kevin Sullivan is a member of the faculty of Columbia College, New York.

Janet Fiscalini has contributed verse to *Accent* and the *Chicago Review*, as well as The Commonweal.

Max Cosman is a frequent contributor to critical and scholarly journals.

Charles Monaghan is on the administrative staff of New York University.

Saint Dominic

by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P.

A new and vibrant biography of the founder of the Order of Preachers. Seven hundred years have not dulled the scintillating glory of Saint Dominic nor rendered obsolete the noble ideal which he made incarnate. The wonderful work which he achieved for the Church during his lifetime has been continued by his thousands of spiritual sons and daughters throughout the centuries. Saint Dominic is a saint who deserves to be better known. $3.25

The Catholic Church Invites You

by James V. Linden, S.J.

The author asserts frankly that a sincere search for union with Christ inevitably leads to unity with the Catholic Church. His invitation to investigate the Church is addressed to all non-Catholics. "Father Linden's book achieves a clarity and persuasive directness which many longer apologetic treatises lack."—*C.R.S.* $2.50

Catholic Life, U.S.A.

by Leo R. Ward, C.S.C.

Father Ward's "grass roots" portrayal and analysis of important Catholic lay movements of our day includes chapters on The Liturgy, The Christian Family Movement, Cana, The Layman's Vocation, The Sisters Formation Movement, Grail, The National Councils, CCD, Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker, and Ligutti and the Farmers. An indispensable reference to contemporary lay movements in America. $3.95

At your bookstore, or from

Herder of St. Louis

15 S. Broadway

St. Louis, Missouri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since the publication of Dom Gueranger's The Liturgical Year *a century ago, no commentary on the Church's worship has been acclaimed as widely, translated into as many languages, or influenced religious formation of as many persons as Dr. Pius Parsch's* DAS JAHR DES HEILES, *now available under the title*

THE CHURCH'S YEAR OF GRACE

English edition by
Rev. William G. Heidt, O.S.B.

- profusely illustrated with full color and meaningful line drawings
- all volumes revised according to recent changes in rubrics for Missal and Breviary
- new feasts added in proper sequence

Comprehensive——

Each day's liturgy is treated at length—its holy Mass, its saints, its Divine Office; each nuance in the Church Year receives special attention, and many associated topics are developed at the opportune occasion.

Practical——

The style is primarily spiritual, making the riches of the missal, breviary, ritual, and liturgical year a source of immediate, practical interior growth and edification.

Proven——

The continuing demand for the German edition has brought it to the current FOURTEENTH edition; moreover the work has already been translated into twelve languages, with others in preparation.

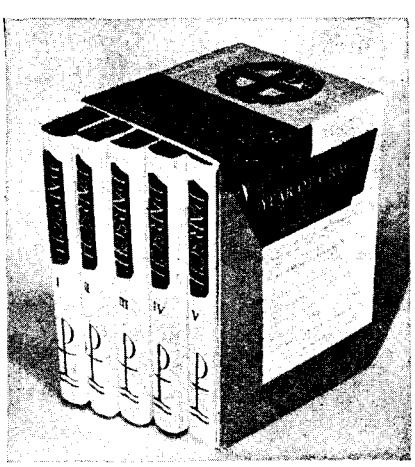
In Five Volumes: 2,136 pages

Vol. 1—Advent to Candlemas
Vol. 2—Septuagesima to Holy Saturday
Vol. 3—Easter to Pentecost
Vol. 4—June, July, August
Vol. 5—September, October, November

Each volume: paper $2.75; cloth $4.00

15% DISCOUNT on complete sets

LITURGICAL PRESS, Collegeville, Minn.



FOR YOUR COPY OF

THE CHURCH'S YEAR OF GRACE

PHONE *your local bookstore*
or use ORDER FORM *to right*

LITURGICAL PRESS
Collegeville, Minn.

Yes, immediately send copies of THE CHURCH'S YEAR OF GRACE as indicated:

____ set(s) cloth, boxed (at 15% discount)

____ set(s) paper (at 15% discount)

SINGLE VOLUMES:

Vol. One: ____ cloth; ____ paper
Vol. Two: ____ cloth; ____ paper
Vol. Three: ____ cloth; ____paper
Vol. Four: ____ cloth; ____ paper
Vol. Five: ____ cloth; ____ paper

Name_____

Address_____

City_____Zone____

State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED